*Mow.* Each day ſtill better others happineſſe,
Vntill the Heauens enuying Earths good happe,
Adde in immortall title to your Crowne.
*King.* We thanke you both: yet one but flatters vs,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come;
Namely, to appeale each other of high treaſon.
Couſin of Hereford, what doſt thou obiect
Againſt the Duke of Norfolke Thomas Mowbray?
*Bul.* Firſt (heauen be the record to my ſpeech)
In the deuotion of a Subiects loue,
Tendring the precious ſafety of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appeallant to this Princely preſence.
Now Thomas Mowbray, do I turne to thee;
And marke my greeting well: for what I ſpeake,
My body ſhall make good vpon this earth,
Or my diuine ſoule anſwere it in heauen.
Thou art a Traitour, and a miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to liue:
Since the more faire and chriſtall is the skie,
The vglier ſeeme the clouds that in it flie.
Once more, the more to agrauate the note,
With a foule traitors name ſtuffe I thy throate.
And wiſh (ſo pleaſe my Soueraigne) ere I moue,
What my tong ſpeaks, my right drawne ſword may proue.
*Mow.* Let not my cold words here accuſe my zeale,
Tis not the triall of a womans warre,
The bitter clamor of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt vs twaine:
The blood is hot that muſt be coold for this,
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſht and nought at all to ſay.
Firſt the faire reuerence of your highneſſe curbs me,
From giuing reynes and ſpurs to my free ſpeech,
Which elſe would poſt vntill it had returnd
Theſe tearmes of treaſon doubled downe his throat;
Setting aſide his high bloods royalty:
And let him be no kinſman to my Liege,